The Competition

The wind turned, your
scrawny craft uppercut.
How come

you couldn't sense
it earlier? Since
cues are eternal-

ly there in water
and in air, angles

of the sun, vapory in-
timations, dawn creaking
when you embarked.

Later, the wrench-
ing solitary

cloud against a livid sky,
your lover’s eyes

gnawing the moon.